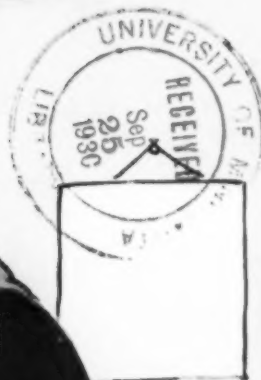


Sept.
26
1930

Life

Price
10
cents



MELBA





"Follow that guy!"

In Which We Too Engage in a Pursuit

Not that reading the club copy of LIFE, or the neighbor's copy, or the rare Eureka {discovered} copy is as bad as making off on a scooter with one of Mr. Bribe's apples, still, it does smack somewhat of disorderly conduct, or vagrancy.

You know perfectly well that the big policeman with the club {Justice} is going to overtake the little boy {Anti-Social Tendencies} with the apple {Crime's Heavy Toll}. He will ask him where he thought he was going with that apple belonging to Merchant Bribe {The People} and the little boy simply won't know {Whither Are We Drifting}.

Anyone can see the moral to that. Anyone can see that it is all nonsense to make off with just one apple {The Good Things of Life} when it is so easy to have more {Three Months' Subscription, \$1}, or the whole cart {One Year's Subscription, \$5}.

Try it. You'll enjoy LIFE as nothing else. Every week it is full of good humor, good sense and good fun. It's very much a part of the times, and a copy is something you shouldn't miss.

Just drop a note or card and say whether it's to be three months or a year. Your credit is O.K. with us.

LIFE

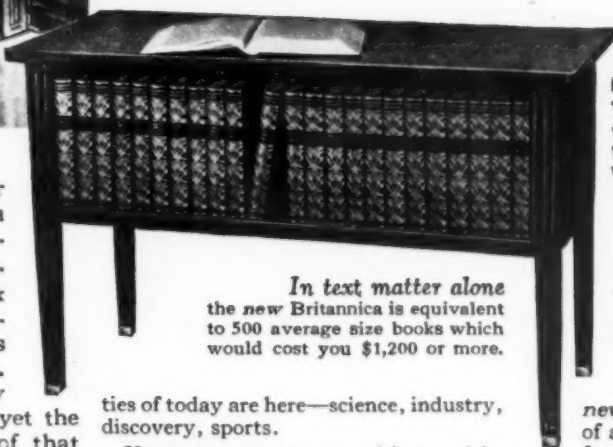
Dept. 3. 60 East 42nd Street, New York City

BUY A WHOLE LIBRARY



\$1,200 worth of books
for a mere fraction of
that amount—

Amazing New ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA



BOOKCASE TABLE INCLUDED

This handsome bookcase table, made of mahogany, is included with every set. It's amazing what you get for your money.

IT'S AMAZING—the sheer value you get—when you bring this new Encyclopaedia Britannica into your home.

Never before has any work offered you such infinite resources. Here is all the world's knowledge at your fingertips. It's like having a whole library—\$1,200 worth of books—yet the price is a mere fraction of that amount.

A \$2,500,000 Home University

You'll be amazed when you first open this new Britannica. 15,000 superb illustrations—many in color—fill its pages. 500 new maps, a complete atlas, make it newly useful. Thousands of articles, by 3,500 leading authorities of the day, cover every subject.

Here in 24 volumes—35,000,000 words—is the sum of all that has been known and thought and done in the world. 500 other books could not give you the equal of this new Britannica. It is like a university in your home. You hardly need another book.

Up-to-date—Easy to Use

A MIRROR of the new world," the Washington Post calls this new Britannica. And, indeed, all the activi-

In text matter alone the new Britannica is equivalent to 500 average size books which would cost you \$1,200 or more.

ties of today are here—science, industry, discovery, sports.

You can master your subject—without leaving your living room. There is no tedious searching. No laborious study. The new Britannica is wonderfully accessible. Quickly, easily, you find the fact you want.

New Opportunity For You and Your Children

WHETHER you are eight or eighty—whatever your special interest or hobby—this new Britannica can help you. Thousands of women use it regularly for information on art, music, travel, home decoration, contract bridge, etc.

Men find it invaluable in its quick summary of current questions—its amazing up-to-dateness—its practical information on thousands of subjects. It pays for itself many times over.

Your children will be fascinated. It really helps them—keeps their minds alert and

growing. The illustrations are an education in themselves.

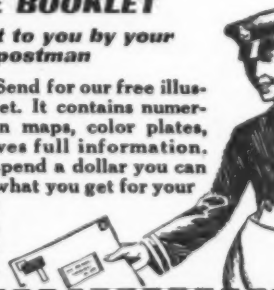
Special Offer Low Price—\$5 Down

AND now this new Britannica comes to you at a new low price—the lowest price of any completely new Britannica for over 60 years. Buy it on easy payments, if you like. Under our Time Payment plan, an initial deposit of only \$5 brings the entire set, complete with its special bookcase table, to your home.

56-PAGE FREE BOOKLET

Brought to you by your postman

Act now! Send for our free illustrated booklet. It contains numerous specimen maps, color plates, etc., and gives full information. Before you spend a dollar you can see exactly what you get for your money. Just fill out the coupon and mail today.



"EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE IT"

"The finest encyclopaedia in English"—New York Sun

"The publishers deserve honorable mention for putting it so easily within reach of every home, because—there is no doubt about it—every home should have it"

—Modern Homemaking

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET TODAY

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, Inc.
342 Madison Avenue, New York City
WITHOUT OBLIGATION—

Please send me, by return mail, your 56-page illustrated booklet with color plates and maps from the new Britannica, together with low price offer, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Sea-going chocolates

A favorite package of Whitman's for all forms of sports is the SALMAGUNDI.

Put up in metal boxes holding one pound or two pounds.

Out of doors they combine quick energy and quiet enjoyment in your search for "where the blue begins." Chosen as companion by experienced travelers by land, water or air.

In summer-time when you crave chocolates look for the Salmagundi's cheerful tin, decorated by Mucha.

Salmagundi and other Whitman specialties are sold by selected stores all over the country, and at every resort.

Any telegraph office will take your order and cash for any Whitman package, purchase the package at any distant point and deliver by uniformed messenger.



Whitman's
Chocolates

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

(2)

Life



"My dear man—those pictures will slowly affect your brain !"

Hoover's Attitude Toward The Postage Stamp

Mr. Hoover has not committed himself on the postage stamp situation and in an effort to obtain some first-hand information on this subject, I recently made a trip to Washington to see if I couldn't, in my own small way, get at the facts, with an eye to solving the stamp problem. At the next session of Congress one of the most important steps to be considered will be the Cluett Mucilage Bill. "Thicker glue on stamps, and fewer agents on the border," will be the cry of the Republican majority in the legislature, when they convene, (Oh, Lord, prevent me from saying "if ever.")

In the Bureau of Printing and Engraving I ran into a Mr. Busch, who said he would be glad to help me trace the history of the stamp.

In 1868 the Post Office Department decided it would be a good plan to make stamps. Up until this time they had been engaged in making facsimiles of the Declaration of Independence for museums. Finally the museums were swamped with them and the Bureau had to turn its activities in another direction. Stamps seemed as good as anything else, so they started making stamps. It was more of a lark than anything and it took some time for the public to catch on to the new wrinkle.

Immediately the question arose: How can we make the stamps stick and what shall we make them stick to? Finally a glue was concocted out of two parts flour, one part water, four drops of vanilla and sugar to taste. This solved the problem without further ado—they stuck to the inside of your pocket, they stuck to each other and some even went so far as to stick to envelopes, a sort of improvised container for stock circulars and advertising matter.

Everyone seemed more than pleased with the little stickers even to the point of collecting them. A popular phrase of the times was: "Don't forget to get some stamps." But, in 1870, stamp making had a bad slump. Children got to licking them between meals and spoiling their dinner. Some were actually eaten, and in April of 1870 a bill was passed forbidding the eating of uncanceled stamps. In an effort to combat the evil the percentage of sugar was cut down in the mucilage and several pinches of salt added. This

made stamp-lickers terribly thirsty and was very thinning to the blood.

In the late 90's people began complaining of the dropping off of stamps. It got to the point where the Post Office would accept a letter without a stamp just so long as there were traces of peppermint in the upper right hand corner. Unscrupulous letter writers began to cheat the Government by putting a smudge of peppermint candy on the envelope. The famous "Peppermint Ring" was broken up in 1901 and its leaders thrown into prison.

Another difficulty which confronted the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, Mr. Busch said, was the fact that people began using 2c stamps for flypaper and —flypaper for 2c stamps. In 1902 a concern came out with a brand of flypaper bearing the head of George

Washington on a field of glue. This model was very popular although sticky for the Post Office Department. The flypaper stamps wouldn't go through the cancellation machines and, if they did, the machinery would become clogged with flies and granulated sugar.

There's not much more to be said on the subject except that the Bureau of Printing and Engraving are doing the best they can to make stamps that will stick. Mr. Busch told me, in closing, that they're getting out a stamp in the very near future which, he feels, will surely stick. If not to the envelope, at least to the tongue. It has a chocolate body of Benjamin Franklin, flavored with nut-meats and raisins and sells for 10c.

Mr. Busch very kindly gave me a sample to try, and do you know—it fairly melts in the mouth!

—Jack Cluett.



"And take care of mother and father, mother's husband and father's wife and mother's fiance!"



The Vallée Influence.

"Verbum Sap"

By BERTON BRALEY.

This was a thought that wore on
The mind of Percy Stout,
"I've never seen a Moron
Such as folks talk about,
Of course there wouldn't be one
Among the friends I've got
And if I want to see one
I'll have to search a lot."

So, feeling most omniscient
He roamed about the town
In quest of a Deficient
Intent to track one down.
He mixed, in ways informal,
Among the Common Herd
In search of minds subnormal
(Yes, Moron is the word).

He often met a Dumb Thing
But found, as he proceeded,
These "Morons" each knew Something
More thoroughly than *he* did,
The whole "subnormal troop" hid
Behind its dull-eyed blink
A mind not quite so stupid
As he'd been led to think.

From Spring until the leaves dropped
His quest seemed quite in vain
Until one day he eaves-dropped
This whisper, clear and plain:
"If there's one sap I'm sore on
It is, beyond a doubt,
That typical sub-Moron,
That dumbbell, Percy Stout!"

"The Unkindest Cut"

SODA FOUNTAIN BOSS: Did you buy
that bread I sent you out for?

CLERK: Yessir, I bought these loaves
that are already cut.

Boss: All right, get busy and slice
them.

Natural Question

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: So Lot's
wife looked back and turned into a
pillar of salt.

TOMMY: How long had she been
driving?

Defense Mechanism

The boy who used to whistle going
past a graveyard has grown up to be
the dry candidate who announces that
in his district, prohibition is not an
issue.

Correct Answer

MRS. JONES (*for the 200th time*):
John Smith gets along beautifully with
his wife.

JONES: There ought to be a in-law!

Endurance Record

A couple in Louisville were engaged
thirty years before they finally mar-
ried. Imagine going to the barber shop
for a haircut, massage and shampoo at
least once a week for thirty years!



"Ah remembers yo' name, Mr. Simkins, but ah cain't place yo' face."



"They are certainly the most happily divorced couple I know."

The Pity Of It

The real tragedy of a racketeer's death is that he generally leaves a wife and five or six cops who were wholly dependent on him.

Pea Popularity

Green peas have recently become one of the most popular foods, according to a restaurant owner. Miniature golf players are probably responsible, using a knife for a niblick and a glass of water for a hazard.

Oh, Promise Me

In line with present trends in the alimony racket, we wonder how soon some chorus girl will sue for breach of proposition.

Wise Quack

The Medical Association is making a strong campaign to bar quacks from radio broadcasting. This does not refer to those queer noises you sometimes hear.



"Yeah! That — cat was howlin' again last night!"

Newly Furnished

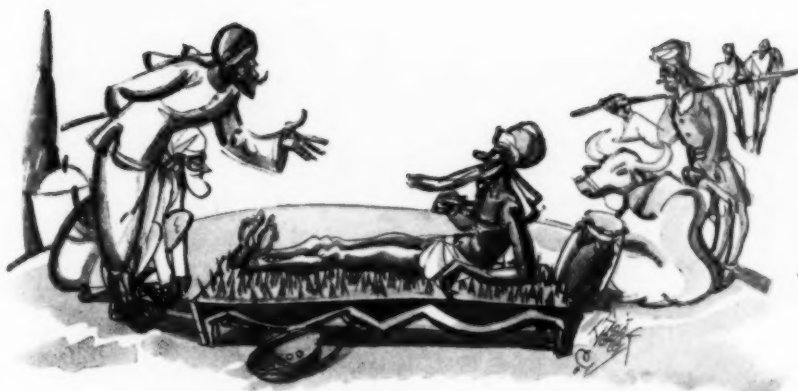
"Oh, take a look at the dining nook—
It's just the sweetest yet!
And don't you love the color of
Our cozy kitchenette?
That Windsor chair right over there
We're told is really odd.
And see this cup? We picked it up
While camping on Cape Cod.

"Now tell me, *do*, if you like blue
Antiqued on bedroom walls.
And have you seen this shade of green
We're using in the halls?
Oh, come on now, and tell us how
You like this chandelier.
And would you buy, if you were I,
A drapery for here?"

"And how's this tint and how's that
print
And how's this vase from Rome—?"

Oh, what a task when people ask
Hosannahs for their home!
They should be sent to rent a tent
Out where the rainbow ends,
Where no one tries to catechize
His relatives and friends!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.



NAIL SITTER: *Who, me get married! Say, do you think I'm crazy?*

'Unaccustomed, as I am—'

"So that Mayor George L. Baker and forty-eight other persons might have a good idea of the size of a 2,650-horsepower boiler, the Pacific Northwest Public Service Corporation served a course dinner to them inside a new boiler here recently."

—News Item.

Hon. George L. Baker
City Hall
Portland, Ore.

Dear Mayor Baker:

The Hudson Valley Public Service Corporation is giving a dinner on the fifteenth of the month in a new boiler which is to be installed here in Troy. As president of the corporation, I have the honor of asking you to attend this dinner before the steam is officially admitted.

Being but 1,850 horsepower, our boiler will only seat about thirty guests comfortably; nevertheless, I can assure you that, although the Pacific Northwest Public Service Corporation's new boiler may beat ours by 800 horsepower, we'll stack ours up against theirs for quick service, an excellent bill of fare and a good, all round party.

We expect our boiler to arrive in the New York Central freight yards about the tenth. After it has been removed from the flat cars it will be drawn to the plant, attached to the turbines and opened up to the caterers.

All work of installation will, of course, be suspended during dinner and steam will not be admitted until after the guests have gone out through the blow-off valve for cigars and coffee.

The dinner promises to be a memo-

rable affair, Mr. Baker, and I sincerely trust that we may count you among our honored guests.

Incidentally, it may interest you to know that, after the chairs and tables have been removed and the head bolted in place, our boiler will furnish light, heat and power to 750,000 homes.

They tell me you have no idea of the power of one of these 1,850-horsepower boilers until you've eaten in one.

Hoping to receive your acceptance at an early date, I am,

Sincerely yours,

JACK CLUETT,
President.



"What's your business?"

"I'm a wine merchant, yer honor."

Confession

By RICHARD CONNELL

I do not like stories which begin in the smoking room of a London club, with Lord Lopchester and his pals sitting around and talking about Fate and sopping up the brandies-and-sodas; and then suddenly the quiet, tanned, rather sinister-looking chap in the corner drawls, "I say, speaking of Fate, reminds me of a rather odd experience I had one night on Lake Bugawashi—hard by the equator, y'know—"

I do not like stories which begin:

"Sascha Boris Zomonofov had just cut his grandfather's throat, and was wondering what to do next. Outside the hovel the wolfish wind howled on the Steppes, and howled and howled—"

I do not like stories which begin:

"Stephen Merrick Hope's aristocratic face was flint-hard, as his muscular arm yanked the stick and the giant silver ship—X-P-79—blooped through a cloud and zoomed earthward in a tail-spin. The Violet-Eyed Girl—he knew her by no other name—who crouched in the cock-pit at his side, did



"Shine, buddy?"

not wince, thoroughbred that she was—"

I do not like stories which begin:

"Little Winnie remembered Mumsy

best. Mumsy who smelled so nice when she bent over your crib to tuck you in. There was Nursie Nanny, too, but *she* smelled of tar soap. And, of course, there was Popsy, whose whiskers tickled you and who had a nice smell, too, sort of like a distillery, Winnie remembered, though it was all of thirty years ago. And she remembered how one day Popsy and Mumsy had gone out for a gondola ride and had never come back, never, and she wondered where they were, but didn't wonder long for Auntie Amy, who had been crying and smelled of cloves, gave her the nicest new dolly—"

I do not like stories which begin:

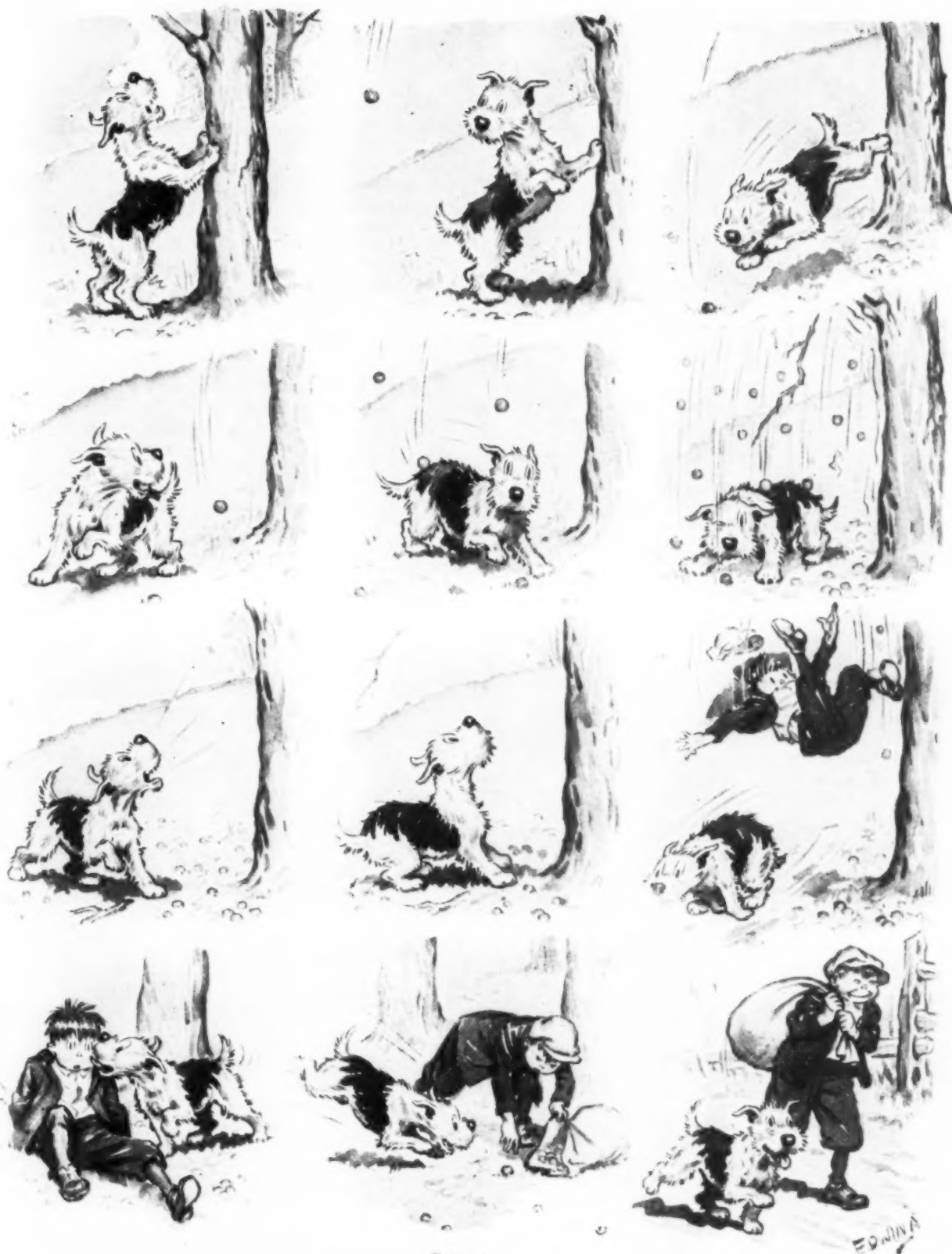
"Lissen, pal. I just put a guy on the spot. Croaked him with this cannon, see. Right in the heart of Chi. Naw, he didn't swipe my gal. Tiger-toed Annie is still my moll. Didn't know the bozo, even. Pete the Murderous Mink was his monicker. One of Big Bloody Joe Porcino's mob. Yeah, I'm a killer. Want to know why? Lissen—"

I do not like stories with titles like "The Man Who Dared," "The Man Who Could But Would Not," "The Man Who Ate the Last Piece of Pumpernickel," "The Man Who Gargled," or "The Man Who Detested Titmice."

I do not like them, I repeat—but I always read them.



"The Ritz Carleton!"



SINBAD
Autumn Nuts
(9)



"An' he's just as much of a gentleman as if he wore a tuxedo
an' a diamon' ring."

Letters Of A Picnic Ant

Dear Ant Minnie:

Will you do me a favor, Ant Minnie? I wish you would bring some "Able Ant Eradicator" with you when you come.

Some people in a summer cottage near us used to sprinkle Able Ant Eradicator around the cracks in the floor every day. They have moved back to the city now. We have eaten what was left in the box and can't get any more and it is simply delicious on bread crumbs or bits of cheese or in salads. So please bring us some from the city.

Not much news. The weather has been quite cool. There is a touch of autumn in the air. A grasshopper knocked at our door this morning and said he had been advised to come to us for winter quarters. We had to refuse him, the poor sluggard. I'm afraid he is out of luck.

I have been busy putting up neck-bite pickles, but most of the summer cottagers at this time of the year are tough and stringy and hardly fit to eat.

Junior slipped and skinned his nose yesterday while sharpening his teeth on a grindstone. Nothing serious.

Let us know when you are coming to visit us.

Everybody sends love,
ANT BESSIE.

P. S. Why not come down Friday afternoon on the bus driver?

ANT BESSIE.



"Why didn't you sound your horn?"

"I did sound my horn."

"Then there's nothing more to be said about it."

Envious

Travelers say, in Zululand
Men purchase wives for seven cows,
While over in New Hebrides
It takes five pigs to buy a spouse,
And then, in Turkish Kurdistan
They only cost one goat—mere trifle;
And in the country of Tirah
The bridegroom has to pay one rifle.

And all the Zululanders,
And all the Hebridesians,
And all the Kurdestanders,
And all the glum Tiresians—

They think how fortunate are we
Whose wives are absolutely free!

—W. E. Farbstein.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by SEPTEMBER 4—The telephone a-ringing early, Baird Samuel answering it, and Leonard I could hear him saying, "What?" . . . "Why, that's the most awful thing I ever heard of!" . . . "My God!" . . . etc., until I was so frenzied with curiosity that I did leap from my bed and dash in to learn the evil tidings, and there sat the wretch holding down the receiver hook and talking to nobody at all, having taken advantage of a wrong number call to get me all a-twitter, and mayhap it is not entirely an unmixed blessing to have him in residence again. Sounds of revelry from the kitchen, so out to share in it, finding Katie doubled up with mirth in discourse with the grocer's boy, who had delivered our loaves of bread completely sliced and had vouchsafed, upon her protest, that his employer carried bread now in no other form, for that his customers had grown averse to cutting it for themselves. Lord! that is one feature of a mechanical age to which I shall never bow, refusing to have my tea table sandwiches look as if they had been bought from a train boy. To luncheon at a publick with Milly Pitcairn, who tells me that she must submit to another major operation, and since it is the third one in five years, she is going to ask the surgeon to close the wound with a zipper. She did also consult me as to the feasibility of dyeing her white dog to match the drawing-room upholstery, so that the hairs which he does shed upon it will be less conspicuous. Home betimes, finding there Emilie, who was with me years ago, and is now come into my service again, which I am glad of, and when I removed my hat, she did insist on waving my hair at once, and whilst she was doing so, I did ponder on all the bread crusts I had eaten as a child in the expectation of gaining curling tresses thereby, and also upon the inhumanity of adults who see no sin in deluding infancy with such lies.

SEPTEMBER 5—Ann Andrews in early, looking very lovely in a large brown hat and a printed silk smartly fashioned, and I did tell her again how I do never behold her without feeling that she would be justified in handing me a red flannel petticoat and a pound of tea, whereupon she airily consigned me to a locale which I cannot set down

in this journal, and bade me array myself in whatever rags I could muster and be off with her for luncheon. So to the Lafayette, where I did order clams, eggs Sardou, and potatoes *bataille*, commanding an extra portion of Hollandaise with the insouciance of a Singer midget, but Lord! I do thus indulge myself but infrequently, and my penchant for Hollandaise is such that I am convinced I could eat a straw hat which was sufficiently submerged in it. Our discourse so spicy that Ann remarked the pity of Walter Winchell's not being at the next table, for that his Monday column would need no other items. Ann confided, moreover, that even André Gide paled in interest for

her when compared with the writings of Mr. Winchell. Dinner alone with Samuel, after which backgammon, and then reading in a book called "Shake 'Em Up!" which has many fascinating things in it, for, aside from the formulas for various drinks and the *hors d'oeuvres* most suitable to accompany them, it contains useful information for hostesses in regard to late arrivals, guests who imbibe too freely, amateur drinkers, etc., to say naught of the helpful hints for the amelioration of one's own condition after over-indulgence, hints sufficiently guaranteed by final statement that if they do not work, there is naught left but Blowing Out the Brain or *De Consolatione Philosophiae*.



" . . . and my daughter has such beautiful feet—I do so want you to make a bust of them."

Smoking Car Hunting As A Major Sport

It is time—yes, it is even high time—that we as a nation were made smoking car hunting conscious.

Other big game is becoming extinct while the smoking car, due to its elusiveness, is increasing. I know from observation that along the Atlantic seacoast and as far West as Chicago and as far South as New Orleans smoking cars are plentiful this season. A veteran smoking car hunter with whom I exchanged experiences recently told me the Pacific seacoast from Washington state to California abounds with smoking cars.

Yet the ordinary traveler may cover thousands of miles and find nothing more than a few Pullman car wash rooms. Why is this? It is because the ordinary traveler does not have the courage and tenacity necessary to outwit train crews. He walks the length of the train and, finding no smoking car, chews gum.

A real smoking car hunter does not give up so easily. I once trailed a smoking car from New York to the outskirts of Chicago. We were prac-

tically in the La Salle Street Station before I was positive of my success. But the car was worth the effort. It had shiny brass ash receivers and cuspidors.

My most recent successful hunt took place on Long Island.

A friend named Thompson and I entered the Pennsylvania Station and easily penetrated to the Long Island Station on the lower level. The grounds were familiar to me only from redcap hunts. A redcap hunt, I might explain, is where a porter wearing a red cap seizes your luggage and attempts to escape in the crowd. You chase him. If you succeed in overtaking him you are permitted to buy your luggage back for a few small coins. Redcaps were plentiful on this occasion, but we were in search of larger game.

Thompson said to a gateman, "On which end is the smoker today?"

"Woodside, Forest Hills, Kew Gardens and Jamaica," said the gateman.

Thompson was ahead of me and down the steps at a bound. As I reached his side a trainman was say-



"Ooowah—business is O. K.—but it gets to ya!"

ing to him, "It's up front. No it's in the rear. No, wait a minute. The smoking car is . . ."

The chase was on. Racing to the rear of the train, which was twelve or fourteen coaches long, we boarded it. The doors closed. "Smoker? Smoker?" cried Thompson.

A passing trainman said, "It's up front on this trip."

We pushed through the crowded coaches and reached the smoker just in time to get off at our destination, Forest Hills. This was counted as a failure. The successful hunter must light a cigarette or pipe.

"We'll stand midway of the platform," Thompson said at the Forest Hills Station the following morning. "As the train pulls in we'll look through the windows of the head car. If someone inside is smoking we can run toward it. Otherwise we run to the rear."

The head car flashed past. "Did you see him?" I cried. "Yes," shouted Thompson. We dashed along the platform and entered the head car. The doors closed. There sat a man with a long cigar, unlighted. His answer to our inquiry was, "They tell me the damn smoker is in the rear."

Just why smoking car hunting has not been recognized before as major sport I am unable to say. The newspapers strangely ignore it. You may read in huge headlines that a motorist bagged three pedestrians with one step on the gas or that a prohibition agent shot his day's allowance of victims by noon, but no mention is made of the man who single-handed found the smoking car on a strange train.

—Tom Sims.



"I can hardly wait to get home so's I can try my French!"



"Hey! You keep your cattle off this course!!"

Supply and Demand

Someone rises to say trap shooting will eventually replace motoring as an outdoor sport. That's obvious. Any fool can make a clay pigeon, but it takes years to make a pedestrian.

Alas

The day was dying
But not quite dead;
The sun was sinking
But not quite sunk;
My friends were going
But not quite gone—
For they were drinking
Though not quite drunk.
—J. S.

Tiny Garments

Nowadays when a woman sews on tiny garments, they've probably just gotten back from the laundry.

Banks

A bank is known by the companies it keeps.

Big Words

The biggest word in our language, says a paragrapher, is the little word "if." We say the biggest is one much smaller than the little word if—in fact it is the decimal point.

That's Life

After a woman has spent the afternoon at a bridge party boasting that her husband is just simply the nicest thing in the world, she reaches home angry at him because he is just an average husband.

Dial Personalities

Twenty-five per cent of this country's telephones are dial operated. Three-quarters of the population, however, may still be of Senatorial caliber.



"Oh, George, I'm working overtime. When you get home will you start the potatoes?"



Life Looks About

Latin-American Pop Corn

WHY this epidemic of governmental disturbance in South America? Dictators down there go off like so much pop corn. One in Peru now dismissed is described as favorable to business and amicably disposed to the United States. One in Argentina as rather hostile to the United States and "capitalism" and friendly to democratic rule.

The job of being dictator seems healthy enough while it lasts but bad to break with. Rivera, dictator in Spain, was dismissed and promptly died. Leguia, dismissed in Peru and sent aboard a ship, took so ill as to excite solicitous inquiries from Washington. Irigoyen, now dictator emeritus in Argentina, an old man, was also much discommoded in his physical health by separation from his job.

Put it down that in the present state of the world, Latin countries in Europe and America turn in quantity to dictatorships. That is one of the features of contemporary political life. What it comes to is yet to be determined. Probably it is a temporary inclination. It does not necessarily argue that the world has not been made safe for democracy, but it does suggest that for the moment it is a safer world for dictators than it used to be.

In His Element Again

Mr. Hoover, the leading relief agent of the world, continues to get more salvage jobs. The more news we get from San Domingo the worse the story is. However, San Domingo is no China.

There are limits to its population, limits to the damage done to its chief city, limits to the amount of relief it needs. If enough people send checks to the Red Cross those needs can doubtless be met. But anyhow Mr. Hoover is President and he knows about relief, and San Domingo is geographically a concern of the United States and entitled to attention and assistance from this country when it needs it, as it does unmistakably just now.

It made for smiles to have the *Evening Post* speak of Captain Evans' story of how the ship Coamo rode out the San Domingo hurricane as "a tale of a sea storm as terrifying as that of Charles H. Dana in rounding the Horn one hundred years ago." But even that misadventure with Dana is not so funny as to have Vale Owen,

mixed up with his cousin Charles, the famous editor of the *Sun*.

Assisting Fate

Dean Inge's special office is to utter the unexpected; a service which he discharges the more easily because, though a clergyman, he is a thinker. Just now he has stirred discussion by saying that he would not censure a man who, knowing that he is dying slowly of an agonizing disease, wishes to shorten his sufferings. He has also suggested that condemned murderers should be allowed to commit suicide if they prefer it to hanging.

There is nothing really outrageous about either of these suggestions. A first-rate doctor will put a suffering patient out of misery if and when he thinks the time has come to do it. No doubt it is done every day with morphine in cancer cases.

As for execution of murderers, the fashion nowadays in this country is to have it as unobtrusive as possible; no gallows, no dying speech, no lesson to spectators, but the burning out of the life of a man by electricity, and all done in a prison room before a handful of authorized witnesses.

But "The Chair" isn't popular. Somehow it turns the stomach worse than the gallows. The cup of poison that Dean Inge suggests is no more violent an innovation than the

chair itself was forty odd years ago when it was adopted.

As for morphine, or something, in cancer cases and the like, people want it authorized by statute.

Much better leave it as it is. Doctors have power of life and death anyhow and all that is required of them is to be reasonably well trained in the medical knowledge of their time and do for their patient what they think best for him. In medicine, as in other things, the great arbiter of right and wrong continues to be the mind of man.

—E. S. Martin.



"Gee! Mr. Zaum, you're an angel to bring me here!"

English clergyman and spiritist writer, tell of Lincoln's interview with a medium who brought him urgent counsel to publish the Emancipation Proclamation "in the deep voice of Benjamin Webster."

That is as if one spoke of "Henry Gladstone" or "James Pitt," for Uncle Dan'l was a first-class and dazzling personality. Nevertheless, even in this country Daniel Webster and Noah Webster have been known to be confused, and the Dana of "Two Years Before the Mast" who came to wide reputation as a lawyer might easier get



"There it is, Phyliss—that's my birthplace."

Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

The Illinois Triangle

PINK whiskered Ham Lewis—"Hamilton Lewis, please"—appears to be getting another of the breaks that have come so often in his life. In fact, if it were not for the smile which always comes when anyone mentions his whiskers, or his sartorial splendor, one might begin to suspect that the fellow had something. In which suspicion one would be quite right. He has!

His present break is due to the anger of some of the more fanatical dries at the delicate but quite manlike pussy-footing of Ruth Hanna McCormick. Ruth is a dry of dries, politically and personally, though sometimes in the past suspected of toleration. But in view of the fact that Lewis had stolen her pet issue—opposition to the World Court—and that the battle was apparently to be confined purely to the wet and dry fight, on top of the fact that in its last referendum Illinois went some 550,000 Wet, a shrewd politician should consider a little.

And no one ever accused Ruth Hanna McCormick of being dumb—far from it. She is probably the most adroit and able woman in American politics today.

Her bewildering of the Nye Committee, including Gerald himself, by putting detectives on his trail and intimating that his agents rifled her files and put a woman in her cupboard, followed by her labeling him as an "assistant Democrat" virtually relegated Lewis, pink whiskers and all, to the back pages for quite a space of time. Nye was properly indignant, but only added more smudges to the smoke screen already threatening to obscure Ham. For a while it appeared as though Nye were the candidate against Mrs. McCormick and not Lewis.

So it seemed to some of Lewis' friends that his long run of good breaks had come to an end at last. But then came Lottie Holman O'Neill, with her independent dry Republican candidacy, calculated to take many votes away from Ruth, but none away from Ham.

How Wayne B. Wheeler must have turned and twisted in his grave at the Dries doing against one of their own just what they had done so success-

fully back in 1926 against Jim Wadsworth, in New York. For if the O'Neill lady gets half as many votes as she hopes to get, of course it will be Lewis, a wringing Wet, who will go to the Senate, just as it was Bob Wagner, wringing wet, who went to the Senate in Wadsworth's place. But the defeat of Wadsworth heralded to the world that the Republican Party could not be wet with any safety to its leaders. The victory of Lewis would broadcast quite a different story.

But consider Mr. Lewis. Born in Virginia, he spent his early manhood in Savannah, Georgia. He moved to Washington State and was elected to Congress in spite of his Democracy. Then he moved to Illinois, and not only acquired a very remunerative law practice, but became the only Democratic senator from that hidebound Republican state in this generation!

Don't laugh at those whiskers! They get there. Behind them is more by several leaps and bounds than is given

the common variety of politician. In the Senate Lewis was the only man not awed just a little by the keenness and wit of Boies Penrose.

Back in his Savannah days Mr. Lewis had just two suits of clothes, one formal and the other a sack suit. He fell overboard down at the wharf one day, and had to wear his formal clothes that afternoon. He noticed that everyone gave him attention with less effort, and that everyone treated him with more courtesy. In short it was easier to get what he wanted. From that day Lewis has been the glass of fashion and the mold of form. It explains his whiskers. It explains why everyone in this country knows who he is, though there are senators who have served four terms to his one, yet whose names hardly anyone knows.

Lottie O'Neill has given him a chance. She may tunnel under that normal half a million Republican majority in Illinois. It's going to be a horse race.



Flag-pole sitter goes into mourning.

Great Minds at Work

If a man is happy in America it is considered he is doing something wrong.
—Clarence Darrow.

I am just a suffering girl.
—Aimee Semple McPherson.

Prohibition? Yes, sir, I'm for it. Finest thing that ever happened to us.
—Daniel Beard.

Humor is as necessary to a marriage service as poetry is to a funeral service.
—H. L. Mencken.

My herrings! The surdity of it, Amean to say. Her bare idears, it is too chucklesome. Absurd bargain, mum, will call. One line, with! One line, with with! The two cherrypickers, Lizzy and Lissy my ways Mycock I would not know to contact such gretched youngsters in from Hadem or any suistersees or heireses of theirn, claiming by, throughor under them. What a shrubbery trick to play!
—James Joyce.

The female spider is ten times as big as her husband, and eats him after marriage. Human husbands should not complain.
—Arthur Brisbane.

I belong to the saloon school of poetical expression.
—O. O. McIntyre.

I dislike almost everybody between the ages of eleven and fifty eight.
—William Carlos Williams.

The future may be better or worse.
—Calvin Coolidge.

I sometimes think theatre folk the only real mid-Victorians left.
—Channing Pollock.

A flowing beard does not look well with knickerbockers or on the tennis court.
—William Lyon Phelps.

There is nothing the matter with the great majority of husbands and wives except that they are dumb.
—Dorothy Dix.

My novels and collections of short stories which have been published give me a bellyache. I do not keep them in the house.
—Ben Hecht.



The vacationing subway rider snatches a look at his newspaper.

Efficiency

A woman's club expert says American wives are more efficient housekeepers than European women. They never stay in one apartment long enough for the dust to settle.

Help

Everything possible is being done to aid the unemployed. The news comes from Washington that an increase in income tax rates is expected.

Why

The thing we can't understand about those unemployed musicians is how they all happened to move into our apartment building.



"I've gotta keep him drunk or he'll write a novel!"

Theatre • by Baird Leonard

"That's The Woman"

THAT'S THE WOMAN" is a play with a court-room scene—and a decidedly phoney court-room scene, at that—in which a young man on trial for his life stoutly maintains, in the face of raffish questioning by the District Attorney, earnest pleading from his own counsel, the lamentations of his distracted mother, and even skeptical glances from the judge, that at the time of the murder for which he was indicted—a period ranging from ten at night to three in the morning—he was walking around Central Park. It is evident to the most unworldly auditor that the young man (Gavin Muir) is offering this quaint alibi in order to shield some woman, and that he deems it a far better thing for him to go to the chair than for her name to be wiped out of the Social Register by its divulgence. It is not evident to anybody why the young lady and her mother seem to agree with him, why they are willing to let an innocent man die that their prestige along Park Avenue may live. Their reluctance in stepping forward is pretty tough on the great criminal lawyer (A. E. Anson), who potters and "come-comes" about the stage with such superfluity in his efforts to make Miss Phoebe Foster "talk" that if I had been in her handsome slippers I should have been sorely tempted, on one or two occasions, to slap his face. Why should a woman with a beautifully shingled head be disconcerted by a few hairpins found in the defendant's flat? One boudoir slipper is very like another, and it is impossible, alas, to corner a popular perfume. She holds out, however, until his introduction of the bought statement of a street-walker as an alibi for her lover. Her confession in open court may have been hard on her family, but it was worse on the audience, most of whom must have been wondering throughout the tiresome *chez-la-femme* business just who did kill Jim Hastings, and why.

"That's The Woman" is a well-acted, implausible piece. One of the most unreal things about it is the appearance of Lucile Watson, that excellent comedienne, in a rôle which requires her to hand out ignoble advice instead of her accustomed crisp admonitions, and to break down at one point to the extent of burying her head in her neighbor's lap.

"The Up And Up"

HOME, with all its distracting bells and buzzers and its confusing array of papers, books and magazines, seems a quiet and orderly place after the second act of "The Up and Up," wherein bookmakers take bets on the races over innumerable secret telephones, and two members of the detective squad stage a scene of devastation that would have astonished Attila in their attempts to find the incriminating betting sheets, all the time hidden in an innocent-looking coffee-pot from which Curly, magnificently played by Pat O'Brien, pours himself a beaker before their very eyes. This comedy of the underworld was spoiled for me by two things, the miscasting of the lovely Miss Sylvia Field as a tough little girl, and her eventual return to the weak, shiftless and double-crossing Doggie (Donald MacDonald) after her long desired chance at being "legitimate" with the powerful and providing Curly. This conclusion may have suited the romanticists in the audience, with their noble ideas on the course of true love, but for us old cynics it was too bad that Bee, with her loyalty and decent ideals, should have been such a bad picker of men, and should have had so little wisdom as to leave a Riverside flat well staffed with servants for the drudgery of speakeasy life and the questionable assistance of a black maid who smoked cigarettes, called her by her first name, and read the tabloids when she should have been tending to the toast. (This maid, with her wealth of red jewelry, was one of the evening's successes, and when she balked at wearing her cap and apron because she was no common Irish servant girl and the household was no movie, many of the ladies present became vociferous). This disappointment may have been superinduced by the sardonic charm of Mr. O'Brien, but it can be counterbalanced only by the constant repetition of "It is wrong to marry a man you don't love." "The Up and Up" gives a good glimpse at the town's more lowly sporting element, who think nothing of keeping four thousand dollars in a teapot, but as their conversation is monosyllabic and uninspired, and their doings none too fraught with drama, I hesitate to recommend it as first-class entertainment.

"The Long Road"

WHAT this department printed about war plays a few weeks ago didn't stop Herman Gantvoort from putting on "The Long Road," and if he is sorry by this time, it is no fault of mine. This play had been billed as a revelation of the effect of war upon an American family. In spite of the recurrence of "Jeez," "lousy," "Made-moiselle from Armentières," and the terrific bombardment during the third act, it seemed more to me the effect of leaving two amateur musicians together on the loose, for the plot would have been the same if Dr. Lovett had gone to Saranac instead of to a training-camp. Given a husband with ailing feet and a tendency to clip bum jokes from the journals, a wife who plays "To a Wild Rose" and reads Omar, and an invading bandmaster who is working out the love theme in his last composition and needs help—well, let that husband leave home for a few months, and the results are inevitable. Otto Kruger played the husband sympathetically enough, and I am sure the nurse's admiration of his hair was interpolated so that he would not have to trim it down in front. The scene at the dressing-station was theatrically harrowing, and sent two or three nervous women scuttling for the lobby. I was distinctly impressed by the presence amongst the supernumeraries of men whose splendid war records were printed on the program and I was horrified by the fact that as "walking wounded" they were made to transport their agonies four miles on foot. But I was not impressed by the anachronism of flappers going on cocktail parties in 1917, by Mr. Kruger's getting so fiendishly drunk on four or five ponies of cognac, by the unscientific application of adhesive tape to open wounds, and by the Belgian girl's frequent lapses from a French accent into good plain American.

I was a bit Quixotic ("Quixotic," according to Miss Agnes Smith, being Spanish for "a damn fool") to hope that any screed printed here would stop war plays. Their constant re-appearance on Broadway has but one bright indication. If the public goes to see them in sufficient numbers, the women of America may eventually dope out another "Lysistrata."



Donald McDonald, Pat
O'Brien, Sylvia Field in
"Up and Up."



A. E. Anson-Phoebe Foster in
"That's the Woman."

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Romance"

AFTER seeing "Romance" this reviewer left the theatre muttering curses on motion picture producers who handicap brilliant stars with trite stories and poor support. We felt particularly peeved in this case because the star is Greta Garbo, one of the few really great actresses the screen has produced. Because of her physical charm and unusual personality, Miss Garbo must necessarily be surrounded with a cast of the highest calibre. Performers who are not proficient appear much worse than they are by comparison.

There are three important characters in "Romance"—Miss Garbo, Lewis Stone and Gavin Gordon. Every moment during which Miss Garbo appears alone or in company with Mr. Stone is thoroughly enjoyable, but Mr. Gordon, unfortunately, is simply not in the same class with these two as a motion picture performer. We can readily imagine Mr. Gordon getting by well enough as the lover of dozens of other important movie actresses, but we were never convinced for one min-

ute that the intelligent, polished, perfectly poised woman of the world portrayed by Miss Garbo in "Romance" could have been moved to the degree of affection she is forced to display in response to Mr. Gordon's speeches and gestures. Why he was chosen to play the part is a mystery.

Mr. Stone is splendid—as always. We learn in the story that Miss Garbo has been his mistress in the past, and the scene in which he thanks her for the hours she has given him is one of the finest he has ever done.

Miss Garbo's performance is the sort of thing that leads critics into using words such as "rhythm," "color," "lights and shadows" . . . and they can all be employed without exaggeration. She is simply magnificent. And another thing. There has been a contention among motion picture experts as to whether or not Miss Garbo is a really beautiful woman. If beauty consists of charming femininity, expressive grace and physical allure, then we defy any person to say that she is not beautiful, after seeing her in "Romance."

With all of its weak points, "Ro-

mance" is recommended. No one should miss seeing Garbo.

"Animal Crackers"

THERE is no trick in telling a clever, amusing story and getting a laugh, but it is something else again to see a movie, laugh your head off, and after it is all over realize that you have been taken in by a lot of foolishness that could not possibly have made the least bit of sense—based on some of the worst puns that were ever perpetrated on a receptive public. The Marx Brothers have been doing this for years. Groucho Marx usually starts the thing by several speeches that remove your guard and make you susceptible to the mad antics of his equally insane brothers, and from then on you start giggling every time one of these delightful lunatics makes a move.

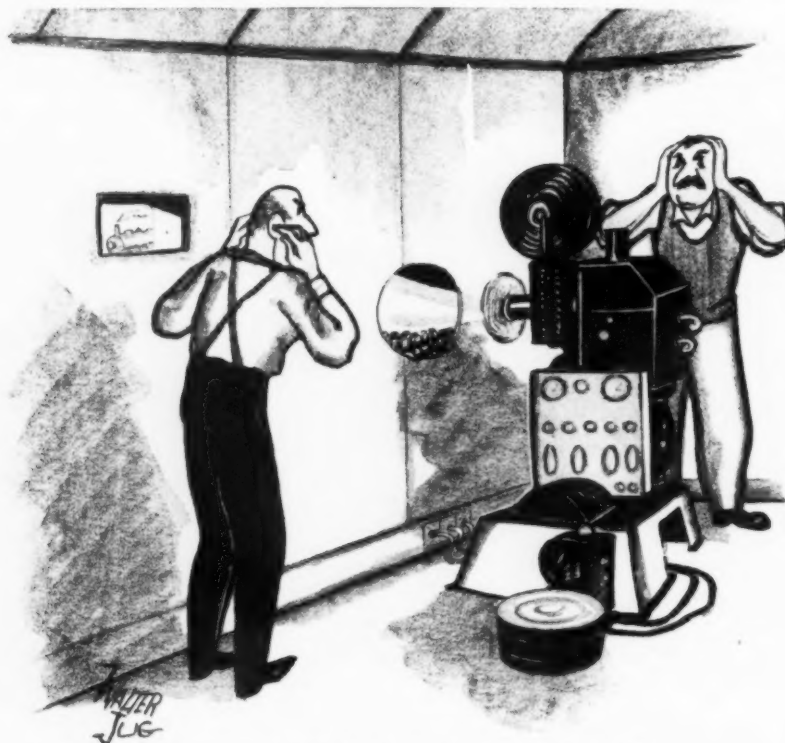
As for this Groucho, we rate him as a screen comedian along with Jack Oakie and Charles Ruggles, which is the last word as far as this department is concerned. He sells his lines as well as any gag man who has ever appeared before a camera, and his personality, combined with the outrageous manners of the silent Harpo, and the ga-ga answers given by Zeppo to all questions combine to form an evening of wild hilarity that no person with a sense of humor can afford to miss.

In back of all this foolishness is a sense of values that one is apt to overlook. For instance, take any one of the numerous speeches that Groucho makes in this film, and by analysis we find that practically everything he says is exactly what you were not expecting him to say. The Marx Brothers have a very fine sense of surprise, and their ability to keep it up for two hours at a stretch gives some idea of the amount of thought that they give to their work.

The picture follows the play of the same name very closely, so if you happened to see the stage production you will look forward to the picture. It is one of those things that you can see twice with just as much enjoyment the second time.

There is one scene that we particularly recommend. It is the one during which Groucho and Zeppo plan an imaginary house.

If you want to relax, see "Animal Crackers."



"Here comes that damn train wreck again, Joe!"

Prophecies of the Week

Green or black fingernails and rose eye-shadows are in store this Fall for the nation's billion-dollar spending beauty seekers.—*H. L. Franklin, managing director of the organized beauticians.*

There will be a twenty-year increase in the average span of life of the American in another generation.—*Dr. Willis A. Sutton, President of the National Education Association.*

I have a very real hope that the emergency tax reduction applying on this year's payment may be continued next year. —*Andrew Mellon.*

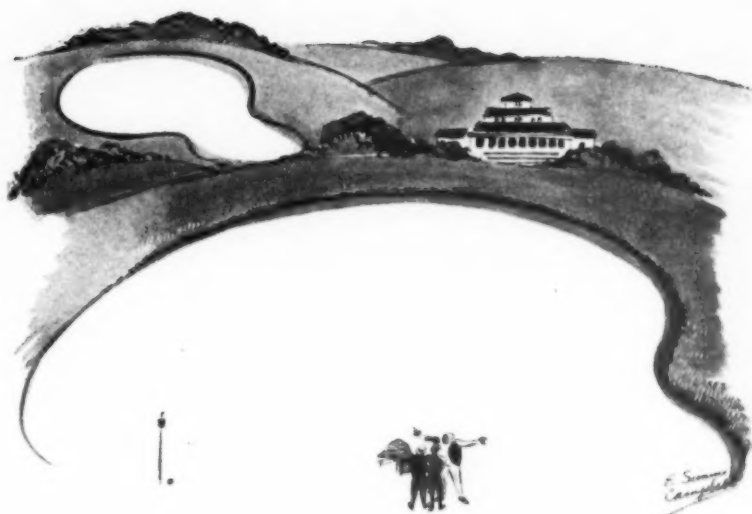
The great European political crisis which Premier Benito Mussolini has repeatedly predicted for 1935, the year when the Rhineland occupation under the treaty of Versailles would normally have expired, seems already at hand. —*Paul Scott Mowrer.*

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *pearls* with a *k* and get something from diamonds.
- (2) Scramble *splicer* with an *a* and get two of a kind.
- (3) Scramble *retain* with an *i* and get something to keep a good man down.
- (4) Scramble *mailed* with a *c* and get a significant point.
- (5) Scramble *spiking* with an *s* and get some football material.

Answers on page 31



Originator of Tom Thumb golf courses designs one for himself.

Feminine Psychology

A bullet, a razor, some poison to swallow,
Is very effective . . . I hope that you follow
My calloused ideas of what you deserve
And would get . . . if I only could screw up my nerve!

But the moment I notice how pale and how weary
You seem at the end of a day . . . why, I'm leery
For fear you'll be ill . . . then I know just how silly
My plans were concerning your clutching a lily!

—*E. J.*



"Anyhow I'll shine 'em up, big boy, and then maybe you'll feel more like lookin' fer a job."

Life at Home

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—State Senator Henry Hollingsworth of Bearden did a lot of campaigning in his race for Congress for nothing. Shortly before the primary election it was discovered he had failed to pay his poll tax, eliminating him from the race.

WAUTOMA, WIS.—The Rev. V. W. Bell, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, has resigned to accept the janitorship of the First Congregational Church of Oshkosh, Wis., which he says, will enable him to have more money.

QUINCY, MASS.—Times change. A young man arrested here for speeding gave his name as Paul Revere.

NEW YORK—Dr. Eugene Lyman Fiske, director of the Life Extension Institute, urges men to seek relief from "the intenseness of modern life." His formula for the average man is an equal mixture of "intoxication, love and work."

CHICAGO—The records of the slain gangster Jack Zuta show that he was the head racketeer of one hundred and forty-five resorts. And that the income from these amounted to more than a million dollars a month.

CLEVELAND—Tonio Motose, Ph. D., Japanese Oxonian, finds the American people a profane lot.

Dr. Motose made a test. He stopped 905 pedestrians and advised them to walk straight with an erect posture. The results were as follows: 318 swore, 156 looked puzzled and said nothing, 220 just smiled and walked on, 87 argued they were walking correctly and 25 made gestures indicating they did not consider Mr. Motose should be permitted to go about alone.

In a similar experiment in London, said Dr. Motose, "I was tossed on my ear."

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Deaf Mutes' League is fostering the first talking moving picture with no sound. The talking is entirely in sign language.

CONEY ISLAND—Mrs. Helen S. Steers, chairman of the Anti-Litter Committee of the Coney Island Chamber of Commerce reports that the average daily litter collection here reaches twenty-six tons. It consists largely of empty bottles.

SAN FRANCISCO—Mrs. Everett Allen Archibald is suing for divorce. She claims her husband was too fond of saying that his first wife was "a better wife than you could ever be." His first wife was Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

OTTAWA, KAN.—By hatching crows' eggs worth one cent bounty into young crows worth ten cents bounty, local youths were making an extra nine cents profit on each egg until the county clerk was "tipped off."

CHICAGO—The descendants of John Ton, who migrated from Holland in 1837, attended their thirty-fifth annual reunion. Eight hundred and fifty-six Tons were present.

FORT HANCOCK, N. J.—Jersey Lightnin', this fort's famed white mule, has come as near eternity as a typographical error could send him.

"In accordance with the colonel's instructions, the white mule will be shot at 2 o'clock," read an official order. Regretfully an execution squad led the mule out to his impending doom. Sensing danger, Jersey Lightnin' was kicking vigorously when Colonel J. C. Johnson appeared.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

The men replied they were on the point of carrying out orders. Then it all came out. The order should not have read "shot," but "shod."

And Abroad

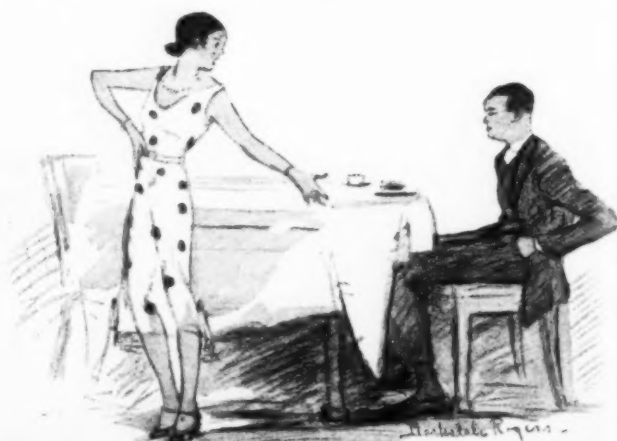
MONT ST. MICHEL, FRANCE—Many church people of this coastal island, believing that radio is leading Christians to sin, have joined in repeating a daily prayer asking that they be saved from the perils of radio. The Church has made a crusade against the radio as "an agent of anti-religious propaganda, disdaining faith and making light of morals."

ORILLIA, ONT.—Bronze naked Indians on the Champlain monument brought a blush to the cheek of a middle aged American lady visitor.

"Canadians are worse than barbarians," she cried, throwing her hands before her eyes and hurrying from the "unclean" monument, which she termed "an affront to the modesty of Christian women."

SUNDERLAND, ENG.—A clause in the will of A. E. Taylor stated, "I solemnly entreat my daughters to invest their capital in gilt-edged securities only, and on no account to invest their money in business carried on by their husband."

MEXICO CITY—Senora Juana Barrena de Chavarria was crowned "Queen of Mexican Mothers" at the celebration of National Mothers' Week, because she had borne thirty-seven children. She declared she would continue until she had three more, to make it an even forty.



"Anybody would think I was nothing but the char-woman!"
"Especially if they saw this toast!"

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 30

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Plays

- ★**STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.** *Avon.* \$3.85—Good light comedy in which sex is played up as a laughing matter.
- ★**THE FIRST MRS. FRASER.** *Playhouse.* \$3.00—Grace George and a fine cast in a polite piece based on the domestic triangle.
- ★**THE GREEN PASTURES.** *Mansfield.* \$4.40—Moving and humorous panorama of the Bible as the unlettered darky sees it. The Pulitzer Prize play.
- ★**STEPPING SISTERS.** *Forrest*—This one seems to go on, just like the book.
- ★**LYSISTRATA.** *Forty-Fourth Street.* \$5.50—Magnificent revival of the ribald classic in which the Grecian women put a steep premium on warfare.
- ★**LADIES ALL.** *Morisco.* \$3.00—An amusing Continental slant at Westport, of all places.
- ★**JOCKNEY'S END.** *Henry Miller.* \$3.00—Return engagement of the celebrated war play.
- ★**DANCING PARTNER.** *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Slight comedy featuring an instance of true love's course at Biarritz.
- ★**TOPAZE.** *Ethel Barrymore.* \$3.00—The last week of Frank Morgan's run in Marcel Pagnol's satire on French politics.
- ★**THE NINTH GUEST.** *Eltz.* \$3.00—Mystery play with a high and rapid death rate.
- ★**TORCH SONG.** *Plymouth.* \$3.85—From a cabaret to the Salvation Army, with an hilarious stop-over in a small town hotel.
- ★**UP POPS THE DEVIL.** *Masque.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A problem in domestic economy which is full of laughs.
- ★**THAT'S THE WOMAN.** *Fulton.* \$3.85—Well acted but implausible drama featuring a phoney courtroom scene.
- ★**THE LAST MILE.** *Ambassador.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Effective piece made out of the horrors of the death house.
- ★**THE UP AND UP.** *Biltmore.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Comedy dealing with the underworld. Notice later.
- ★**THE LONG ROAD.** *Longacre.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The effect of the war on an American family. Notice later.
- ★**THAT'S GRATITUDE.** *John Golden*—A comedy by and with Frank Craven. Notice later.

Musical

- ★**FLYING HIGH.** *Apollo.* \$6.60—An outstanding success, with Bert Lahr and Oscar Shaw.
- ★**GARRICK GAIETIES.** *Guild.* \$3.00—A brisk, entertaining revue.
- ★**EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES.** *New Amsterdam.* \$6.60—Lovely ladies, glamorous sets, and considerable antiquated smut.

★**HOT RHYTHM.** *Times Square.* \$3.00—The cast is all-colored, and the dancing is excellent.

★**THE SECOND LITTLE SHOW.** *Royale.* \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—Only fair, but it has one swell song.

Movies

- ROMANCE AND ANIMAL CRACKERS**—In this issue.
- MONTE CARLO**—This should assure Lubitsch a place among the best ten movies of the year. Flowers for Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan. Don't miss it.
- OLD ENGLISH**—Another edifying performance by the screen's most distinguished actor, George Arliss.
- ANYBODY'S WOMAN**—Ruth Chatterton—and as good as "Madame X." One of the best of the year.
- ABRAHAM LINCOLN**—Recommended for Walter Huston's magnificent portrayal of the Emancipator. D. W. Griffith's best talkie—but he'll do better things.

Records

Columbia

- "SO BEATS MY HEART FOR YOU" (Rah Rah Daze)—Will Osborne and His Orchestra. Much too slow for any good use. *and*
- "WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES AND DREAM"—Same orchestra perks up a bit and becomes a little more entertaining. Will Osborne sings the choruses in both numbers.
- "ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT" *and*
- "THE KISS WALTZ" (Movie—Dancing Sweeties)—The Cavaliers (Waltz Artists), play a couple with harmonic balance, really danceable rhythm, and interesting modulations.

Victor

- "MY BABY JUST CARES FOR ME" *and*
- "A GIRL FRIEND OF A BOY FRIEND OF MINE"—Ted Weems and His Orchestra play two numbers from the Movie "Whoopie" in true whoopee fashion. Snappy rhythm, vocal refrains, and even a few bo-do-wa-cha-chas thrown in for good measure.

"WE'RE ON THE HIGHWAY TO HEAVEN" (Movie—Oh, Sailor Behave)—Jackie Taylor and His Orchestra, assisted by The Boswell Sisters in a chorus. Well worth your time and attention. *and*

"WHEN LOVE COMES IN THE MOONLIGHT" (Movie—Oh, Sailor Behave)—Jackie Taylor again. Why feature a vocal refrain when the words are so sappy?

Brunswick

- "FOOTBALL" (Movie—Good News)—Abe Lyman and His California Orchestra. This number will cheer you up, and make you sure of tickets for the coming season. *and*
- "IF YOU'RE NOT KISSING ME" (Movie—Good News)—The same orchestra playing an attractive number with very definite and original effects.
- "HONOLULU I LOVE YOU" *and*
- "WHAT ALOHA MEANS"—Randolph's Royal Hawaiians. We can find no excuse for this record except maybe a little local patriotism and some general information about the Hawaiian language.

Sheet Music

- "Sing Something Simple" (*The Second Little Show*)
- "Lucky Seven" (*The Second Little Show*)
- "Oh How I Cried The Morning After The Night Before With You" (*No show*)
- "Why Am I So Romantic" (Movie—Animal Crackers)
- "Loving You The Way I Do" (*Hot Rhythm*)
- "That Lindy Hop" (*Lew Leslie's Blackbirds of 1930*)

(Continued on Page 31)



Russ Brown, Bert Lahr and Kate Smith in "Flying High."

The Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, Sept. 24, 1914

Out of work.



Reprinted from LIFE, July 16, 1914

His grandmother's funeral.



Garrett Ross
A.C.

Reprinted from LIFE, Sept. 17, 1914

"I saw some awfully attractive apartments to let in the city today, Isabel, on the loveliest asphalt street with beautiful cement sidewalks."



ah! coffee » » » » »
we're friends once more

ONCE more you can eagerly sniff the fragrant aroma of coffee. You can revel again in its full, rich flavor—yield to its immediate sense of comfort and relaxation.

Yes! Even if the caffeine in coffee has affected your sleep, your nerves or your digestion, you can enjoy once more the solace of coffee—without fear of caffeine's effects. Drink Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffeine has been removed.



real coffee » »

« « delicious coffee

Is Sanka Coffee delicious? Does it yield the same immediate sense of satisfaction? One single cup of Sanka Coffee will answer those questions for you—in the affirmative. For caffeine never added a thing to coffee's delicious flavor—never contributed even to that immediate sense of satisfaction a cup of coffee gives. That comes from the cheery warmth and flavor of the drink itself.

And such flavor as Sanka Coffee brings you! Imagine the choicest of Central and South American coffees roasted and blended

to perfection. That is Sanka Coffee. Nothing is added—nothing but caffeine is removed. You prepare it in exactly the same way. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer—in quality or in flavor.

satisfaction guaranteed

Your grocer carries Sanka Coffee—ground or in the bean—in pound vacuum packages that preserve its freshness and its fragrance. What's more, he sells it with this unconditional guarantee: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not fully satisfied, simply return what's left and we'll cheerfully refund the full purchase price."

Get a pound of Sanka Coffee to-day. Sanka Coffee Corporation, 1 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SANKA COFFEE



drink it » »
and sleep!

Sanka Coffee is a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees—from which 97% of the caffeine has been removed. Sanka Coffee is approved by the American Medical Association. Thousands of physicians recommend Sanka Coffee to patients who cannot drink other coffee because of the effect of caffeine upon their sleep, nerves or digestion.

GROUND OR
IN THE BEAN



make the night-test

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and night—without regret!

© 1930, S. C. CORP.



Our Foolish Contemporaries



"Yes, it took him twelve lessons to teach me to swim."

"The cad! And he taught me in two!"
—Punch (by permission).

ACTOR: I insist on real food in the banquet scene.

STAGE MANAGER: Very well, then, you shall also have real poison in the death scene.
—Pearson's.

A family moved from the city to the suburbs, and were told they ought to get a watchdog to guard the premises at night. So they bought the largest dog that was for sale in the kennels of a near-by dealer.

Shortly afterwards the house was entered by burglars, who made a good haul while the dog slept. The householder went to the dealer and told him about it.

"Well, what you need now," said the dealer, "is a little dog to wake up the big dog!"
—Tit-Bits.

"English airmen make the best skywriters in the world," maintains a writer. We ought, however, to make allowances for the Chinese skywriter, who, of course, has to fly backwards and upside-down.
—Humorist.

Take it from an eyewitness to the scene. Mickey McGuire was dining in a "Greasy Vest" beanery one night recently and a N. Y. World printer came in and asked for a bowl of soup. After diving into the stuff he summoned a waiter and yelled his head off.

"Hey!" shouted the printer, "there's a cockroach in this soup!"

"Okay," replied the indifferent waiter as he turned to the kitchen and called out: "One order of Flit in a hurry!"
—New York Mirror.

ANGUS: If you've found such a valuable ring the law requires that you advertise for the owner.

SANDY: Ay, mon, and which newspaper has the smallest circulation?
—Pathfinder.

"I had to discharge my nurse for being cruel."

"What did she do?"

"She kicked poor Fido for biting the baby."
—London Opinion.

A news item from Geneva says that the canny Swiss, who know more about pleasing tourists than any other people, are experimenting with the idea of artificially heating small mountain lakes so that visiting firemen can go swimming in them. If the plan is a success, the idea is to get ready for next summer by building several Tom Thumb Alps for mountain climbers who do not like high places.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Quite a few motoring vacationists are back in town, with a heavy tan on the left forearm.
—Detroit News.



"Can I see Miss Vera Vavasour, the dancer?"

"She's not here at present, sir, but you can tell me what you want—I am her son."
—Bystander.

Life in Society



Going Up For The Kill

Miss Suzanne Noble during an exciting moment of the Locust Valley Drag Hunt. The fox has been treed and Miss Noble is sending one of her hounds up after the brush.

There has been a restless agitation among the summer colonists of Newport, East Hampton and Southampton these past few days. Flower gardens, bridge tables, recitals and benefits are being dusted off and packed away until next summer.

Everyone is watching his neighbor like a hawk to see how the tide will swing. Whether to go to Tuxedo Park or the Plaza before migrating to Palm Beach is the big problem that now confronts Society. Or will the 400 close their villas before going to the Riviera before returning on the Olympic to spend a few days at White Sulphur Springs before cluttering up the beach in front of the Bath and Tennis Club at Palm Beach?

Mrs. Lucius W. Bredd-Lyons has closed and opened her ocean front villa at East Hampton six times already, and once she had a suite of rooms and a luncheon bridge all reserved at the Weylin before she realized her mistake.

In any event the 400 are poised, ready to follow the social leader at a drop of the high hat. Reservations in the Herald Tribune are all taken well into next Spring.

The Treasury Department announces that there is a counterfeit five-dollar prince in circulation at Tuxedo Park this Fall. The line is very smooth but the mustache and pocketbook are obviously fake.

Mrs. Paul Fitz Gibbons, Mrs. Charles C. Awfulclose and Mrs. Edgar de Woof Sands were among those launching yesterday in Todd's Shipyard.

The Siamese delegate, Prince Tadarama Gridatara, have come to the Ritz-Carlton from Lake George where they have been passing the Summer.

—Jack Cluett.

HOME TOWN TO HOME TOWN

\$1110.

Round the World

\$1110 . . . carries you Round the World on the famous President Liners.

\$1110 . . . provides First Class accommodations Round the World. A real bed in a large outside state-room and breakfast, lunch, dinner and afternoon tea Round the World.

\$1110 . . . includes railroad fare to port of embarkation and home again.

tion and home again.

\$1110 . . . offers 20,604 miles of world cruising—a visit to 18 ports in 11 countries.

\$1110 . . . Unique stopover privileges. You can make the trip in 85 days or two full years. Stopover where you please. There's another President Liner right behind you.

Address Dept. 3409, nearest office, for the outstanding travel booklet of the year.

DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINES

AND

AMERICAN MAIL LINE

32 BROADWAY NEW YORK
604 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK
110 SOUTH DEARBORN ST. . . . CHICAGO

514 W. SIXTH ST. LOS ANGELES
ROBERT DOLLAR BLDG. . . . SAN FRANCISCO
4TH AT UNIVERSITY SEATTLE



... "What!
No Clubs, Tarquin?"

queried Horatius, first real authority on bridge. Thereupon he bid through their short suits, and went game. Next time you have a bridge session, serve Pickwick and watch the enthusiasm for host and for

**PICKWICK
PALE and STOUT**
THE TANG OF GOOD OLD ALE

At the better clubs, hotels and restaurants
Bottled only at the brewery of
HAFFENREFFER & CO., Boston, Mass.

Listless after Lunch?

chew

for digestion!



HURRIED? Something on your mind? Eat too fast? Eat too much? Then your digestion needs help. Try Beeman's, the Pepsin Gum! Millions of careful people who chew gum as an aid to digestion always ask for Beeman's first.

Millions love its keen, fresh flavor, its satiny smoothness, its mellow quality and its kindly aid to digestion.

**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion**

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-three years. In that time it has expended over \$547,000 and has provided more than 53,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Twenty-five dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Previously acknowledged	\$32,999.40
Dr. John Osborn Polak, Brooklyn	10.00
Mrs. Richard Gambrell, Peapack, N. J.	20.00
Hubert K. Reese, Memphis, Tenn.	5.00
Harriet C. Fellows, Buffalo	2.00
M. H. Lynch, New York	10.00
John Williams, Jr., New York	5.00
Alice Boughton, Buffalo	2.00
Clara M. Main, Lewiston, Mont.	5.00
Camp Riverdale, Long Lake, New York	25.00
Dr. C. J. Gaddis, Chicago	10.00
Wm. Lloyd, Colorado Springs	5.00
Mrs. W. G. Richardson, Concord, N. H.	10.00
J. Robert Harrison, Jr., Upper Montclair	5.00
Albert J. Klinck, Buffalo	25.00
"In Memory of Camilla, August 12"	5.00
Chas. A. Tyler, Philadelphia	20.00
Genevieve Carman, Chicago	5.00
Mary A. Miller, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.	10.00
Mrs. Cyril R. Tobin, San Mateo	100.00
Peggy and Betty McKenzie, Beverly Hills, Cal.	25.00
Anonymous, Miss S. P., Chicago	5.00
Frederick P. Warren, Fair Haven, Vt.	5.00
Wm. W. Talman, Jr., Jim and Tom Talman, Detroit	60.00
Mrs. F. J. Danforth, Edgartown, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. B. T. Merchant, Kensington, Md.	10.00
Mrs. George A. York, New Bedford, Mass.	5.00
F. A. Halladay	20.00
Mrs. W. H. P. Phyfe, Gloucester, Mass.	10.00
Miss Lucia McBride, West Chop, Mass.	5.00
"Anne"	25.00
B. C., Paterson, N. J.	200.00
In memory of M. A. W., and M. B. W.	20.00
Mrs. F. L. Thompson, Rye Beach, N. H.	10.00
Mrs. Jay C. McLauchlan, Cleveland, O.	5.00
In Memory of Neill, Jr.	10.00
Mrs. Raymond W. Lewis, Riverdale on Hudson	20.00
Holly R. Cantine, Saugerties, N. Y.	5.00
Mrs. R. C. Patterson, New Castle, Pa.	25.00
Mary E. Pierce, Berkeley, Cal.	5.00
E. D. S., Poughkeepsie	25.00
In loving Memory of Gordon Hilcken Dowell	15.00
Mary Elizabeth Fox, Fresno, Cal.	25.00
In memory of Mrs. Josephine B. Goodale, Nashua, N. H.	20.00
From H. L. G., Quebec	5.00
In Memory of J. B., Jr.	10.00
Sylvia Colt, New York	5.00
The Buckeye, Texas, Sunday School Class	3.00
Fredk. G. Hall, Boston	5.00
A. D. Osborn, New York	10.00
Miss Matilda Ellsworth, Bernardsville, N. J.	5.00

Raynor G. Wellington, Manset, Me.	25.00
L. R. Ingersoll, Madison, Wis.	5.00
In Memory of Frank Walker	25.00
Mrs. Rufus C. Dawes, Evanston, Ill.	5.00
J. G. Bright, Pittsburgh	20.00
Miss Dorothy W. Twyeffort, Paris	20.00
"With all good wishes from Benjie Matthews and a few friends"	3.00
Anne M. Roby, Detroit	5.00
W. S. Lambie, Scarborough, N. Y.	25.00
Mrs. Francis W. Parker, Asheville, N. C.	5.00
Mrs. Addie B. Osburn, Eugene, Oreg.	5.00
Anonymous, A. G. H., Orange	100.00
W. E. Hearing, Philadelphia	5.00
Mrs. G. G. Battle, New York	5.00
Mrs. Joseph S. Bryant, Digby, N. S., Canada	20.00
Mrs. E. M. Eldredge, Brooklyn	5.00
Miss Anna H. Chandler, St. Louis	5.00
Mrs. Mumford, Cedarhurst	10.00
John McDuffie, Fort Eustis, Va.	25.00
Mrs. W. H. Leftwich, Dallas, Tex.	25.00
In Memory of Miss Lila M. Wright, Bryn Mawr, Pa.	10.00
Robert E. Humphreys, Chicago	25.00
Charlotte and Andy, Holyoke, Mass.	10.00
John B. Armstrong, Pasadena	5.00
Mrs. R. W. Halsey, So. Orange	10.00
Mrs. Harry B. Russell, So. Dartmouth, Mass.	25.00
Mrs. N. B. Martin, West Hampton, Beach, L. I.	5.00
Chloe Shear, Princeton, N. J.	25.00
Mary Warwood McGarvey, East Orange	10.00
Mrs. Thomas F. Baxter, Stockton, Cal.	25.00
Abigail L. Robb, Los Angeles	5.00
Mrs. Edward B. Robinette, Chestnut Hill, Pa.	25.00
F. J. Belcher, San Diego	20.00
Ada B. Gibbs, Denver	5.00
Mrs. H. B. Gilman, Worcester, Mass.	10.00
Stuart Peabody, Irvington, N. Y.	5.00
Carolyn E. Bonnesen, Chicago	25.00
Mrs. Benj. D. Shreve, Cotuit, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. J. S., Rockaway, N. J.	20.00
D. R. L., Norfolk, Mass.	50.00
"In Memory of Emmy Jo"	25.00
Mrs. Geo. W. Goode, San Diego	5.00
"A Friend in California"	25.00
H. H. Buggie, Toledo	20.00
From "Little Brother"	5.00
In Memory of E. L. H.	10.00
Miss G. L. Fairfax, New York	5.00
Clara L. Fell, Doylestown, Pa.	2.00
Mrs. Howe, Coburg, Ontario	25.00
"A Friend," Grand Rapids, Minn.	25.00
Mrs. Stephen C. Moule, Cleveland	10.00
Sarah H. Kennard, Newton Centre, Mass.	25.00
Elbert J. Townsend, Le Roy, N. Y.	25.00
Mrs. Harry Agnew Bubb, Monroe, La.	5.00
Ralph L. Crow, New York	25.00
The Guests of North Point Inn, Raquette Lake, N. Y.	58.00
Point o' Woods Assoc. Church Fund, Point o' Woods, L. I.	25.00
Katherine S. Johnson, s'Gravenhage, Holland	25.00
Miss Caroline T. Burkham, New York	5.00
Grace B. Carr, Amesbury, Mass.	25.00
Mrs. R. D. D., Montclair	5.00
Mrs. Sherman Miles, Honolulu	25.00
Miss Winifred Jackson, Atlantic City	2.00
Marjorie and Mark Severance Munn, West Chop, Mass.	10.00
Edward F. Cole, Yonkers	25.00
Alex S. Porter, Brooklin, Me.	5.00
Alexander Breese Porter, Brooklin, Me.	5.00

\$34,996.40



PROVE for yourself that the new Blue Dunlop has just as much distance as the old sized ball. Buy one from your pro today. Watch the yardage you get from the tee and on the fairway. Durable? Accurate? Of course. But above everything else, this new Blue Dunlop is crammed and packed with distance. At your pro's, now.

DISTANCE



The imported

DUNLOP

***1**

MESH OR RECESSED MARKING



24 HOURS, by Louis Bromfield. *Fredrick A. Stokes Co.*, \$2.50. Not a pleasant story, but diverse, covering a wide range of metropolitan characters; maintains the high level set by Louis in his *Early Autumn*. Confining the action to one day, here are aristocrats and gunmen, doorkeepers and fierce ladies, fat and lean, mostly unwholesome, but descriptively alive.

A NOTE IN MUSIC, by Rosamund Lehmann. *Henry Holt & Co.*, \$2.50. Here again (after such a lapse!) the talented English girl who wrote *Dusty Answer*. Suburban London environment setting for three women, two terrible husbands and two Oxford youngsters, dripping with modernism. A novel of the late introspective school, a beautifully done gallery; "haunting melody" style. You linger over it, not worried about the plot, for it isn't that kind. Do we breed three women like that in the U. S.? Yes, and everywhere.

THE DANCE OF YOUTH, by Hermann Sudermann. *Horace Liveright*, \$2.50. The younger generation in Germany, done to a turn by this old and experienced hand. The comedy of modern sex, treating it, or shall we say "kidding" it, with excellent plot and intimated satire. Stumpy, girl of three lovers, not the least being an American dentist. And Sudermann calls us the "lords of the earth." Prosit! Well translated by the Messrs. Paul. Book League choice for September.

IRONIES, by Richard Connell. *Minton Balch & Co.*, \$2. Short humorous sketches and stories, one being the story that took *LIFE's* \$3000 prize. Connell, rare among our best humorists in his story telling talent, gives us here a model bedside, guest chamber book, backgrounded with the intuitive understanding of the people he limns. More than humor, it is often true comedy.

JOURNAL OF THINGS NEW AND OLD, by Arnold Bennett. *Doubleday-Doran Co.*, \$2. Another one of those casual volumes in which Bennett tells very much more how he feels than what he thinks. The worst of it is you can't help reading it. You seem to be made aware, just from this reading, that Bennett must be a very unpleasant person to meet; yet what he writes sticks.

—Thomas L. Masson.



Nothing tells the whole truth about tobacco like a good pipe

In a pipe, tobacco gets its real chance to let you know what sturdy, robust comfort smoking can mean. In a pipe, tobacco can breathe and live. It can smolder down evenly and slowly as it should. Only thus can you get the true relish of good tobacco, the joy of rich, cool smoke.

Tobacco *is itself* in a pipe. It can't fool you. Your pipe tells you the full truth about the tobacco you burn.

Get a good pipe and pack some Edgeworth in it—that fine old burley blend whose flavor never changes. After a few pipefuls you'll understand why men throughout the world are Edgeworth's lifelong friends once they get acquainted. And we'll introduce you. Send us that coupon at the bottom of the page. We'll send you a generous, glad-to-meet-you packet of genuine Edgeworth, free. That's how sure we are you'll like each other.

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a combination of good tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor never change. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.—*Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.*



LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a good pipe.

My name _____

My street address _____

And the town and state _____

Now let the Edgeworth come! **L-41**

LIFE'S Ticket Service

*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

*If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 60 East 42nd St., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed



September 26, 1930

Vol. 96

Number 2499

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York

LIFE is published every Friday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Brema Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C. England. The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Brema Buildings, London, E. C.

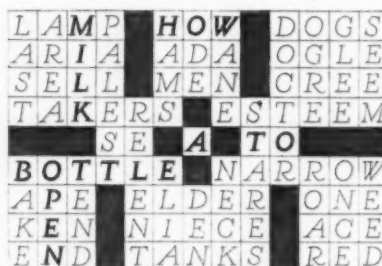
No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office three weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate, \$5.00 (United States and Canada), Foreign, \$6.00.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 54



How to open a milk bottle.

Edith S. Mimopoulos,
1531 Edith Street,
Berkeley, Calif.

For explanation: A mere touch and it's all over.

H. S. Dillenback,
621 Woodland Park,
Chicago, Ill.

For explanation: Some men must get their finger into everything.

Mrs. Calvin Jones,
127 Rogen Avenue,
Macon, Ga.

For explanation: Making a splash in life!

Lewis O'Brien,
6 Graham-Horne Bldg.,
Ft. William, Ont., Can.

For explanation: "Pa brings pressure to bear on a family problem with disastrous results."

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c Write Abbott's Bitters Baltimore, Maryland

WILL MORRISSEY'S SEPIA LITTLE SHOW REVUE HOT RHYTHM

"Shocking, Oh, how I laughed."—Little, World
"A Very Green Pastures". Winchell, Mirror
TIMES SQ. Thea. 42d St., W. of B'y. Eves. 8:30
Midnight Show Thur. Night. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

CHARLES DILLINGHAM presents
THAT'S THE WOMAN
By BAYARD VEILLER with
A. E. Phoebe Lucile Effie
ANSON FOSTER WATSON SHANNON
Fulton, W. 46 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30



The human cannon-ball goes in
for life-saving.

Thieves who broke into a North London house stole a camera, a gramophone, a portable wireless set, some sausages, and an umbrella. It is presumed that they are going for a picnic.
—Humorist.



Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 23)

Hotels for Dining and Dancing

C—(Cover Charge)

★(Must Dress)

AMBASSADOR GREEN ROOM, Park at 51st. No cover. Harold Stern's orchestra.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th. C(after 9 o'clock) \$1.00. Meyer Davis Orchestra.

BILTMORE CASCADES, Madison at 43rd Street. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Bert Lown's Orchestra.

MCALPIN ROOF, Broadway at 34th Street. C\$1.00 week-days; \$1.50 Saturdays. Eddie Lane's Orchestra.

NEW YORKER TERRACE RESTAURANT, 8th Ave. at 34th. C(after 10 o'clock) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Kay Kyser and his orchestra.

PARK CENTRAL ROOF, 7th Ave. at 55th. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.50 Saturdays. Don Bigelow Orchestra. Dances by Easter and Hazelton.

PENNSYLVANIA ROOF, 7th Ave. at 33rd. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00. Phil Spitalny orchestra.

RITZ CARLTON ROOF, Madison at 46th. No cover. Ritz Orchestra.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 45th. No cover. Leo Furst orchestra.

★ST. REGIS ROOF, 5th Ave. at 55th. C\$2 (after 10 o'clock) Vincent Lopez orchestra. Dances by Veloz and Yolanda.



MODERN MOTHER: *No, don't stop her. If she wishes to do it, it's right that she should!*

"My wife has left me seven times," a husband said in court the other day. He must have foolishly married his cook.
—*London Opinion.*

A young man employed in a Devon brickfield has expressed a desire to become a heavyweight pugilist. We deplore this hankering after a life of ease.
—*Punch.*

Dean Inge says murderers should be allowed to commit suicide. Preferably before committing murder.

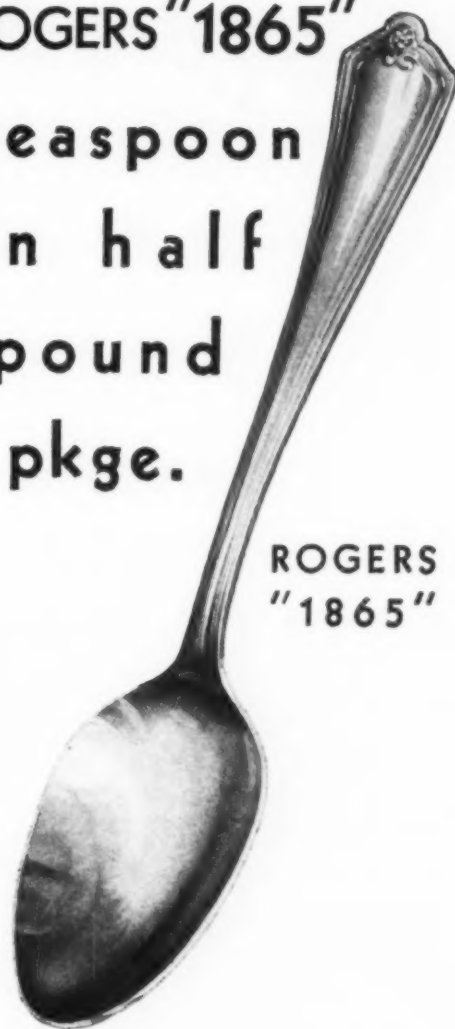
—*New York Evening Post.*

Answer to Anagrams

on Page 21

- (1) Sparkle.
- (2) Replicas.
- (3) Inertia.
- (4) Decimal.
- (5) Pigskins.

This extra-heavy
silver-plated
ROGERS "1865"
teaspoon
in half
pound
pkge.



ROGERS
"1865"

Teaspoon
Tea

DELICIOUS PEKOE & ORANGE PEKOE

It may strike you as strange

to think of coffee and sleep at the same time. But you can now drink one of the world's finest coffees—any time, day or night—without disturbing your sleep or nerves.

It is Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee—free from all caffeine effect. Made for the millions of coffee lovers who are denied their favorite drink because of the caffeine. You can drink all the Kaffee Hag Coffee you want—with never a worry about loss of sleep or ragged nerves.

And what wonderful coffee it is! A magnificent new coffee plant, one of the most modern in the world, has been built in Battle Creek. Here Kaffee Hag is roasted from the finest blends of coffee with the caffeine removed. Sealed fresh in vacuum cans so as to reach you with all its delicious flavor and aroma unharmed. Try it and see how soundly and pleasantly you'll sleep!

Kellogg's

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

the coffee that lets you sleep



A RADIO FEATURE

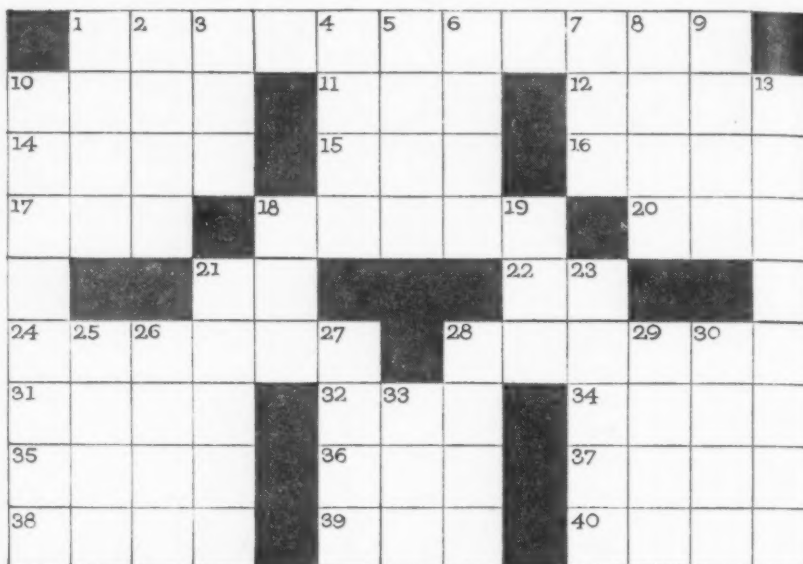
Every Sunday evening over the Blue network, Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee presents to you the popular Slumber Music, a distinctive program of the sweetest music ever written. Tune in and enjoy it—from 11:00 to 11:30 in the East, 10:00 to 10:30 Central time, and 9:00 to 9:30 Mountain time. Stations—WJZ, WBZA, WBZ, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WLW, WCPL, KWK, WREN. Also KFI, KOMO, from 10:00 to 10:30; and KOA, 10:30 to 11:00.

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 59

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes October 11.



ACROSS

1. A heavenly idea.
10. Pigeon English.
11. A hound for money.
12. This can give a hard dig.
14. County and city in Nebraska.
15. What you can still get in the U. S. A.
16. What the author of a best seller is.
17. The old maid's dream.
18. Dogma.
20. Book of the Bible.
21. Hush!
22. Article.
24. Makes a speech.
28. He keeps his eye on the cooler.
31. Any tenor will oblige with this.
32. The highest note in Guido's scale.
34. Him as has.
35. The fellow who kissed Kate.
36. The old tin can.
37. There's a lot of bad feeling about this.
38. Lazy man's favorite occupation.
39. Turkish hat.
40. Obsolete Russian title.

DOWN

1. A very small amount.
2. Lunch time.
3. Compass point.
4. Pretty lazy.
5. Utter destruction.
6. Put up!
7. A fad.
8. Gem.
9. Barc.
10. A man who writes notes.
13. That which reverses.
18. Definite article.
19. Chinese pagoda.
21. The kind of man who melts with love.
23. When Broadway wakes up.
25. Flower.
26. Exclamation.
27. Look out for this person.
28. This usually affects the feet.
29. Green pastures.
30. Feminine name.
33. There's no truth in this.

1855 • SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY • 1930



The magic transformation of a Cinderella room

When Crane illustrations and new fixture designs first proved the possibilities of bathroom beauty, this room threw off shackles of unadorned usefulness and took its true place in charming homes. Every Crane suggestion since has added something to the transformation. For example, the room above, in English cottage style, introduces a new fixture . . . the Marshall

bath. . . . Another real service is the Crane Budget Plan, under which any home can have plumbing quality and pay in small monthly sums. To select materials, write for the book, *Homes of Comfort*. Your architect will help you plan. For installation, see a Crane Qualified Contractor-Dealer, always a registered or licensed master plumber or heating contractor.

Valves



CRANE



Fittings

FIXTURES, VALVES, FITTINGS, AND PIPING, FOR DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL USE

Crane Co., General Offices: 836 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago • 23 W. 44th St., New York • Branches and sales offices in one hundred and ninety-six cities

One Delicious Cereal brings this "Vegetable Effect"

(New-type, mild, natural bulk and roughage)

No forcing. No urging — A great relief to mothers and children

Children and adults who "don't like vegetables" eat this new-type breakfast food with keenest relish. A vitally important (roughage) "vegetable effect" is thus provided in a new oven-toasted, crunchy, crisp, delightful form. Not bran.

Think what that means! No urging. No forcing. Difficulties at the table should never be permitted because excitement interferes with the digestion, "causing profound disturbances in some instances", according to a well known scientist.

Vegetables, of course, should not be discarded, but should be assisted in this new, attractive way.

IN DAINTY FLAKES

HEINZ achieves this triumph after working eight years to perfect it.

The secret is a fine vegetable-cellulose (a part of rice itself) which is retained in HEINZ Rice Flakes by a special process patented and used by HEINZ exclusively.

These fine, soft particles of cellulose absorb moisture after eating thus multiplying

their bulk four to six times and forming one of the mildest, gentlest types of natural bulk and roughage known.

No, this isn't a bran-food. All bran has been removed. Any normal person can have HEINZ Rice Flakes daily for a lifetime with only good results. As used by HEINZ its preparation costs much more than the rice grain itself, yet you pay no more.

Try HEINZ Rice Flakes for one week — first, to prove your children's taste for them; second, to note their natural efficiency.

Serve twice daily in the beginning to start the benefits; once daily thereafter to maintain them.

Remember, this important feature is available only in HEINZ Rice Flakes. Be sure, therefore, to specify by the name "HEINZ" in ordering.

GUARANTEED

HEINZ Rice Flakes, of course, supply all the usual energizing food value of rice.

If not delighted in every way your grocer will gladly refund the purchase price. We have arranged for that



HAPPY MEALS Make better pals of Mothers and their children

because we guarantee this food to be all that we claim.

Mail coupon below for free booklet, "Children's Futures Told in Foods."

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Makers of the "57 Varieties"

*E. R. HARDING, M. A.,
In a Recent Article, Says This:

"That vegetable-cellulose is both a natural and valuable food constituent is evident.

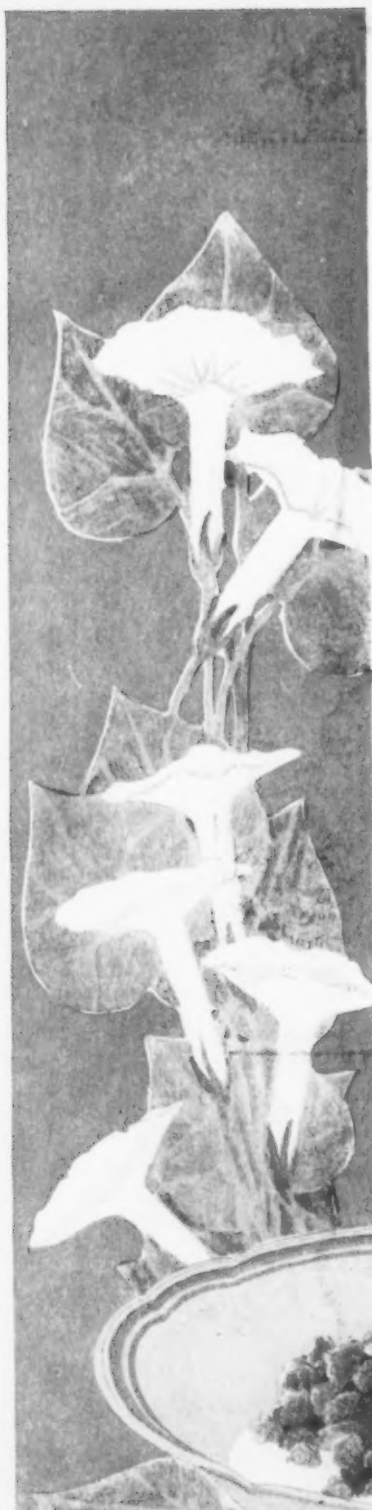
"That it is practically essential is not too extravagant a claim.

"It is found widely distributed in nearly all natural vegetable foods. It is particularly high in such vegetables as celery, lettuce, cabbage, spinach and asparagus. Fruits like oranges, grapefruit and others of this type contain considerable amounts of it."

*Fellow, Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, University of Pittsburgh.

ONE OF THE

57



Enjoy these radio talks . . .
Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45
Eastern Daylight Time, Miss Gibson of
the Home Economics Department, H. J.

Heinz Company, will broadcast new and
delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA,
and 34 other stations associated with
the National Broadcasting Company.

Children Can't Resist This Flavor So They Don't Resist These Benefits

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • DEPT. F-9 • PITTSBURGH, PA.
Please send without charge your booklet "Children's
Futures Told in Foods."

Name _____

Address _____

A new, delicious kind

HEINZ RICE FLAKES